

cover

AIRS, &c. &c.
IN THE
COMIC OPERA
OF
FONTAINBLEAU;
OR
OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

John O'Keeffe.

AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.
IN THE
COMIC OPERA
OF
FONTAINEBLEAU;
OR,
OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

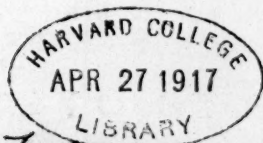
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE - ROYAL,
COVENT - GARDEN.

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1791.

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G. F. Parkman fund

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lackland,	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Sir John Bull,	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILSON,
Lord Winlove,	-	-	-	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Henry,	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Squire Tallyho,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Colonel Epaulette,	-	-	-	-	Mr. MARSHALL.
Lepoche,	-	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Lady Bull,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.
Rosa,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Cælia,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Miss Dolly Bull,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Casey,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. CROSS.
Nannette,	-	-	-	-	Miss STUART.

A I R S, &c.

I N

F O N T A I N B L E A U.

A C T I.

A I R I.—*Lapoche.*

I N Londres I vas taylor nice,
And vork for Lor, so gay ;
He never beat me down my price,
But den he never pay.
From Lord I cou'd no money get,
My draper vou'd no stay ;
So, like my Lor, I run in debt,
And den I run away.

II. The

II.

Vid trick on card, I please my Lor,
 He vonder how I do't;
 And Ladies all my skill adore,
 Ven cock in glafs I shoot.
 De British guinea I command,
 My pocket to recruit;
 I shirt it off by flight of hand,
 Shift off by flight of foot.

III.

Now here in France I have no dread,
 For Lor to move my shear;
 For here in France dey cannot plead
 De privilege of peer.
 Monsieur, if you employ a me,
 And pretty coat vou'd veare;
 Your little taylor here I'll be,
 Tres humble serviteur.

AIR

AIR II.—Henry.

MY morning of life, ah! how tranquil, how
bright!

No cares found a place in my breast;
My noon now is evening, and soon must be
night,

A night without comfort or rest!

II.

The flood, how resplendent, with clear azure
skies!

Tho' tempting too late to his cost;
Beneath, for his heaven, who wantonly tries,
In streams of false pleasure is lost.

AIR III.—Mrs. Casey.

THE British lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on;
Right English usage, neat French wine,
A landlady must thrive on.

B

At

At table d'hôte to eat and drink,
 Let French and English mingle ;
 And while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.
 Your rhino-rattle,
 Come men and cattle,
 Come all to Mrs. Casey,
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel, my honey !
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

II.

When dress'd and seated in my bar,
 Let 'squire, beau, or belle come ;
 Let captains kiss me if they dare,
 'Tis, Sir, you're kindly welcome !
 On shuffle, cog, and slip I wink,
 Let rooks and pigeons mingle ;
 And, if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.
 Your rhino rattle, &c.

III.

Let love fly here on filken wings,
 His tricks I shall connive at ;
 The lover who wou'd say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private.

On

On pleasures I am pleased to wink,
 So lips and kisses mingle ;
 For, while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle,
 Your rhino rattle, &c.

AIR IV.—Rosa.

OH, lingering time ! why with us stay,
 When absent love we mourn ;
 And why so nimbly glide away,
 At our true love's return.

II.

Ah, gentle time ! the youth attend,
 Whose absence here I mourn ;
 The cheerful hours in pity send,
 That bring my love's return.

III.

I feel my heart with rapture beat,
 No longer shall I mourn ;
 My lover soon with smiles I'll meet,
 And hail his dear return.

AIR V.—Lord Winlove.

FLOWERS their beauties all surrender,
 When the sun withdraws his ray ;
 Now they shine in borrow'd splendour,
 Painted by the beam of day.
 With each good, fair Eden planted,
 Ev'ry sweet that sense cou'd move ;
 Passion, sighs, tho' all is granted,
 No enjoyment without love.
 Dearest maid ! thy smiles bestowing,
 Bright and gay thy hours shall be ;
 By this heart with rapture glowing,
 Thou art light and love to me.

AIR VI.—Nannette.

INDEED I'll do the best I can,
 To please so kind a gentleman ;
 You lodge with us, and you shall see,
 How careful poor Nannette will be :
 So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
 With beaupots for the sweet perfume.

An't

An't please you, fir,
 When you get up,
 Your coffee brown,
 In china cup;
 Dinner, desert,
 And bon souper,
 Sur mon honneur,
 At night you be,
 With waxen taper light to bed,
 By poor Nannette your chambermaid.

AIR VII.—Rosa.

THE night, when past, in golden skies,
 If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies,
 Completely blest;
 The sight each tender thought inspires,
 His love's on shore, and fancy fires
 His faithful breast;
 The faithful waves salute his oar,
 He pulls, and sings my love's on shore.

AIR

AIR VIII.—DUETTO.—*Henry and Rosa.*

BROOKS to your sources, ah ! swiftly re-
turn,

Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn ;

Truth and virtue pass away,

Ere I for another my true love betray.

END OF ACT I,

A C T II.

A I R IX.—Tallyho.

I'M your's at any fort o' fun,
My buck, I tell you so;
A main to fight, a nag to run,
But say the word, 'tis done, and done,
All's one to Tallyho.
Upon a fingle card I'll fet,
A thousand pound or so;
But name the thing, I'll bind the bet,
And if I lose, I'll scorn to fret,
All's one to Tallyho.
Suppose you challenge in a glafs,
Sweet Doll, my pretty doe;
And think your love cou'd mine surpass,
I'd swallow hog'sheads for my las,
All's one to Tallyho.

A I R

A I R X.—Cælia.

SEARCH all the wide creation round,
 Or earth, or air, or deep profound;
 To some great universal end,
 Pow'r, sense, instinct, reason tend,
 'Tis love, sweet universal love.
 Why Phœbus smile upon the morn,
 Why lend a ray to Dian's horn;
 Why flowers perfume the breath of spring,
 Or why do birds on hawthorns sing,
 'Tis love, sweet universal love!

A I R XI.—Lapoche.

LOVE does so run in my head,
 Devil a stitch can I do;
 From my jump out of my bed,
 Till my jump in it vid you.
 Oh!
 Sweet
 Pet,
 Liver once cold as a cucumber.
 Heigho!
 Go,
 Get away, little Nannette.

Welcome

Welcome my bosom, a new comer,
 Who, like me, loves you? Not a man!
 My handkerchief, vas I great Ottoman,
 Drops at your petty toe.
 Sweet hen, in your beauties I'll sun me,
 Your twinkles and dimples have won me;
 Den vink and smile pretty upon me,
 Your game-cock den vill I crow.

AIR XII.—(RONDEAU.) Henry.

THRO' circling sweets I freely rove,
 And think my passion true;
 But ev'ry charm that man can love,
 Sweet love, I find in you.
 I will not boast, with Stoic pride,
 That I've a heart of stone;
 That I have often gaz'd and sigh'd,
 To you I'll frankly own.
 For circling sweets, &c.

That beauty bears a gentle mind,
 The source of every joy,
 Is now the hope I wish to find,
 Then don't that hope destroy.

C

Then

Then since that each external grace
 Is by my fair possess'd;
 In pity let her mind keep pace,
 And make her lover blest.
 For circling sweets, &c.

A I R XIII.—Celia.

NO hurry I'm in to be married,
 But if it's the will of my brother,
 I'd much rather stay,
 Yet, since in the way,
 I as well may have you as another.

A strange custom this, to be married,
 Tho' follow'd by father and mother;
 The grave, and the gay,
 But since in the way,
 I as well may have you as another.

A prude, tho' she long to be married,
 Endeavours her wishes to smother,
 I'd give you her nay,
 But since in the way,
 I as well may have you as another.

A I R

AIR XIV.—DUETT.—Henry and Tallyho.

Tall. Your hand,

Hen. Your hand,

Tall. My hero,

Hen. My buck.

Tall. No more words,

Hen. No more pother !

Tall. } My sister is your's,

Hen. } Your sister is mine,

Both. And the bargain is struck.

Tall. My brother,

Hen. My brother !

Both. The field around,

Tall. We'll slang 'em,

Hen. We'll slang 'em ;

Tall. And if they complain, the captain
shall bang 'em.

Hen. In this, and that, and ev'ry nation,

Tall. Every rank, and every station,

All, all declare,

That cheating is fair,

Hen. If it takes but the knowing-one in.

Tall. Miss Polly, how coy,
With her amorous boy,
Cries, "Dear, fir, oh! fie, fir!"
And bridles her chin,
You impudent man, you,
How can you, how can you?

Hen. 'Tis all,

Tall. 'Tis all,

Both. To take the knowing-one in.
For all declare,
That cheating is fair,
If it takes but the knowing-
one in.

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

A I R XIV.—Tallyho.

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolics I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, per-
 haps later ;
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter.
 Your honor, says he, and he tips me a
 leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an
 egg;
 For tea in a morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry
 bounce.

With swearing, tearing !
 Ranting, jaunting !
 Slashing, smashing !
 Smacking, cracking !
 Rumbling, tumbling !
 Laughing, quaffing !
 Smoking, joking !
 Swagg'ring, stagg'ring !

So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so
 mellow,

This, this is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

II. My

II.

My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they
 all stare,
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I
 square;
 My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily,
 Thro' Pall-mall I spank it, and up Picca-
 dilly.
 Till, losing a wheel, egad, down I come
 smack,
 So, at Knightsbridge I throw myself into
 a hack.
 At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag;
 With swearing, &c.

A I R XV.—Henry.

I.E T fame found her trumpet, and cry
 "To the war,"
 Let glory re-echo the strain;
 The full tide of honour may flow from the
 scar,
 And heroes may smile on their pain.

The

The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,

And stagger about with his bowl;
On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love!

What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is
farre,

And riot the pleasures of wine;
What's riches but trouble, and title's a name,
But friendship and love are divine.

FINALE.

Ld. Win. This patriot fire within each heart,
For ever let us nourish;
Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish.

Henry. Let Fashion with her glitt'ring train,
Abroad awhile deceive us,

Celia. We long to see dear home again,
The love of England must remain,
And that can never leave us;

This patriot fire, &c.

Sir

Sir J. Bull. My future range,
The Stock Exchange,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
Nor gig nor nag,
John Bull shall drag,
To French or English races.

Lo. Bull. At feast or ball,
At Grocers Hall,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep,
At French and English races.

C H O R U S.

Now of each doubt and perplexity eas'd,
From Fontainbleau we prance;
In hopes with our errors, our friends will be
pleas'd,
As 'tis our way in France.

T H E E N D.